

THE WATERLOO OF NAPOLEON JINKS.



1. NAPOLEON JINKS: "Jes' watch dat Sam's gal leave 'im an' cum t' me."



2. "She can't resist dat fancy conscription uv her name. Sam ain't in it"



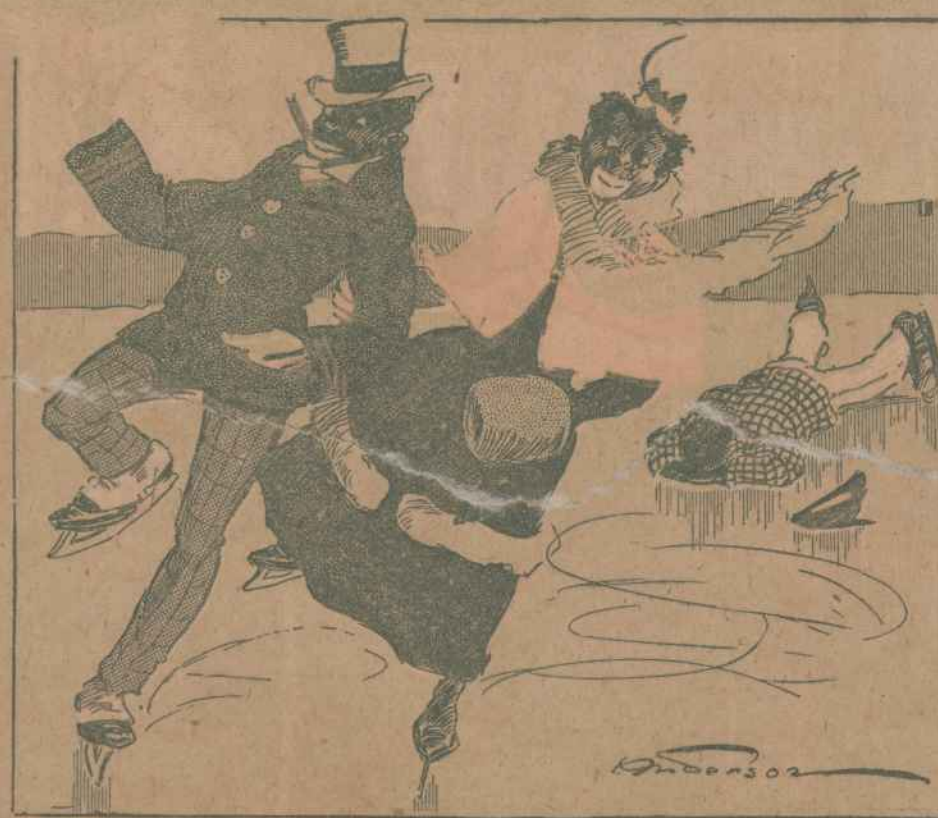
3. SAM: "Oh, Ah dunno!"



4. —"Ah'm somewhat uv a fancy skater mahself!"

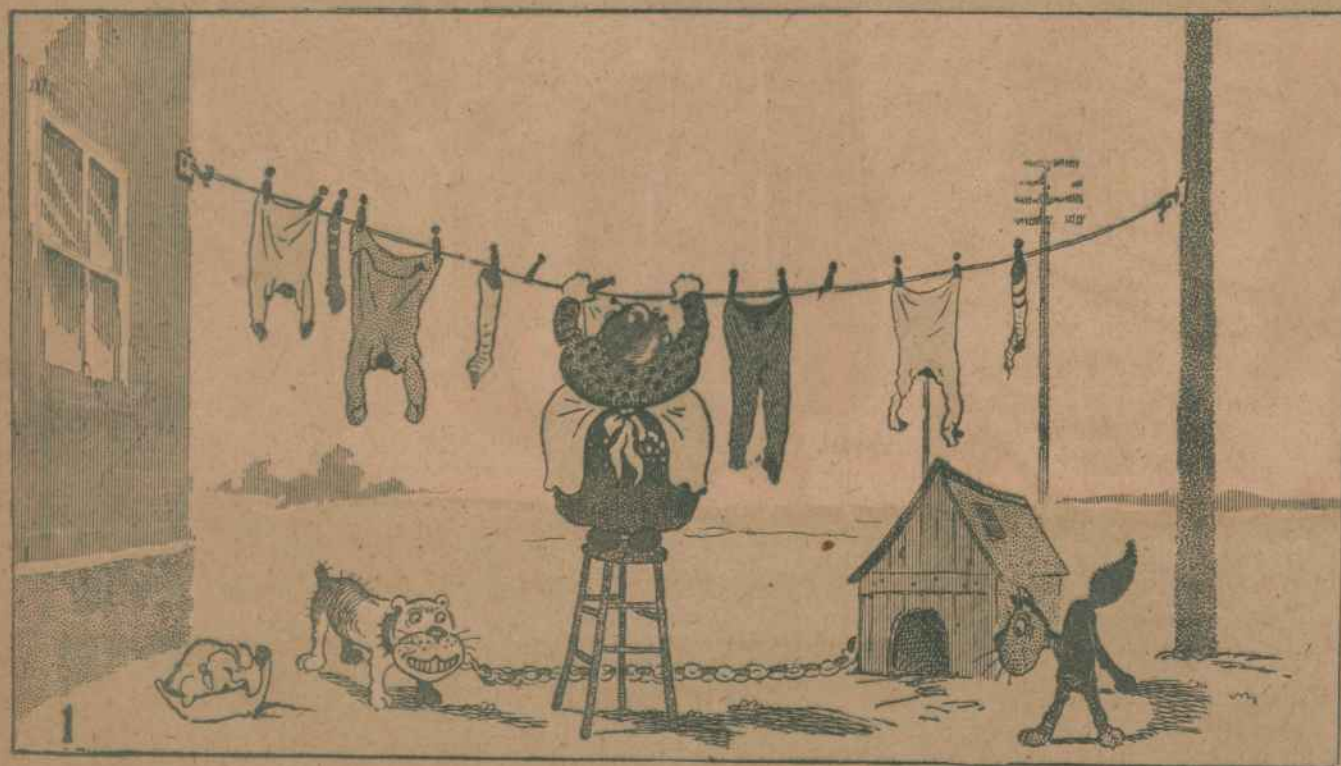


5. "And Ah guess dat fool nigger Napoleon Jinks—"



6. —"won't cut any mo' ice wif mah Lou!"

A WASHING DAY CALAMITY.



The Lark.
The lark is a wonderful bird. Men go out on larks—frequently they stay out all night—yet the lark is always up with the sun. Truly the lark is a wonderful bird.

Unbeaten.
Who is the lightweight champion? Who? Why, bless your soul, The man in Summer who sells ice, And in Winter time sells coal.

A Matter of Aim.
THE MAID—Whose fault is it if women lead aimless existences?
THE MAN—Woman's, of course. They ought to practice throwing.

BEAUTIES OF ANCIENT ART.



THE COMING STORM
FROM A RECENTLY DISCOVERED POMPEIAN PAINTING.

Visions of Wealth.
As he gently caressed her wavy hair great tears came in his eyes.
"What is the matter, love?" she cried.
"Ah, if you only had coral strands!" he murmured.
Both were very poor.

The Acme of Running.
ANNA—I think Nan's parents are trying to break off her match with Jack Dashing.
ENID—Nonsense! They are all the time singing his praises.
ANNA—That's just it!

Precautionary.
PARISHIONER—I always eat a light breakfast Sunday morning.
MINISTER—Why?
PARISHIONER—I'm always afraid of having the nightmare and interrupting your sermon.